

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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No. 6.

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No. of Policy	Name of Insured and Residence	Amount of Policy	Premiums Paid Including Additions	Less Dividends	Profit on Investment
2,013	Isaac D. Allen, Newton, Mass.	\$1,000	\$167.36	\$83.64	
12,258	John B. Stetson, Andover, Mass.	2,000	515.54	1,454.46	
19,251	Catharine M. Hough, Philadelphia, Pa.	4,287	2,405.70	2,420.20	
45,391	Andrew J. Hough, Crookline, Mass.	5,000	2,414.15	2,585.85	
48,337	"	5,000	2,302.35	2,690.65	
54,282	Warren E. Pevey, Cambridge, Mass.	1,500	480.83	1,019.17	
65,888	Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.	15,000	3,701.12	11,298.88	
70,419	Simson B. Folsom, Dover, N. H.	2,000	285.80	1,714.20	
73,600	William Morris, Covington, Ky.	5,000	574.45	4,425.55	
73,601	"	5,000	574.45	4,425.55	
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A MOUNTAIN MAID

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

[Copyright, 1882, by American Press Association.]



"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

If Bragg had shown as much energy in the three days following Chickamauga as he did in that sanguinary conflict he could have marched into Chattanooga without serious resistance, but a delay of forty-eight hours gave Thomas an opportunity to fall back with his own veterans and to reorganize the corps of Crittenden and McCook. When Bragg did move he found the Union troops in the works before Chattanooga and guarding it from the west bank of the river, and with characteristic caution he opposed Longstreet's plan for an immediate assault, and at once laid siege to the place.

The story of that same siege of Chattanooga forms one of the most thrilling chapters of the war, and history affords no parallel to its dramatic termination. The Confederates not only held the three railroads that entered Chattanooga, but their cavalry, under Wheeler, poured over the Tennessee and planted themselves in force along the valleys and hills, over and through which ran the Mac-Minnville wagon road, the only avenue by which the Union troops could hope to get supplies till they were re-enforced.

Never before or afterward did that magnificent Army of the Cumberland exhibit such devotion and endurance as during the siege of Chattanooga for the six weeks following the disaster at Chickamauga. Winter was coming on, but a majority of the men were without overcoats or blankets; many of them were barefooted, and they did not have, when cut off from the outside world, full rations for men and animals for ten days. But true to their splendid record, the brave fellows tightened their belts and stuck it out for weeks on a handful of parched corn a day.

In early October the enemy captured and held MacMinnville for a short time, and destroyed a large train making for Chattanooga. Our cavalry, under McCook, Mitchell and Long, started to clean out Wheeler, and this was eventually done, but not without much hard riding and fierce fighting.

I was scouting in the defiles to the west of Sequatchie valley, in Bledsoe county, Tennessee, at this time, my orders being to watch and report the movements of the Confederates under Armstrong, who commanded a division in Wheeler's corps. In appearance and speech the people in this part of Tennessee are exactly like those in the Cumberland range to the north, though the Union feeling was not so strong, more than one-half the men in and about the Sequatchie valley having voluntarily entered the Confederate army.

We were resting and grazing our horses one morning along a little stream running down from the hills to the north, when, in order to get a better view of the surrounding country, I clambered up a mass of rocks that rose for several hundred feet above our temporary camp. I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and cocking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe. But to my relief I discovered that the sound was made by a tin pail in the hand of a girl who had come to a halt on an elevation about twenty feet behind me, and but little higher up. The pail was filled with beechnuts, which the girl was munching with astonishing coolness and a display of appetite with which I was in perfect sympathy.

She might have been seventeen years of age, but she had all the grace of movement and the delightful ease of manner that make children so attractive. Her thin dress hung half way between her bare brown feet and her knees. It was fastened at the waist with a cord that brought out the exquisite lines of bust and hips. The hands, like the feet, were shapely and brown, and the face, framed in a tangle of dark, sun tanned hair, was a clear olive, tinted on the cheeks with a warmer shade. The parted lips revealed what is unusual with these mountain women; and that is as perfect a set of pearly teeth as I had ever seen.

With her head thrown slightly back, her left hand resting on her hip, and her right foot advanced with the hand that held the pail, and a chaplet of crimson leaves set tipsily on her head, that girl formed one of the prettiest pictures I had ever seen, and as I looked at her in undisguised admiration she reminded me of the bacchante of whom I had read in my mythological studies.

I must confess that I was more confused than if I had been confronted with a man in gray with a gun, but not so my lady with the sumac chaplet. Her big, brown eyes took me in from my rusty boots to my shockingly bad hat. Then she placed her left hand beside her mouth as if to direct the sound, and called out in a voice that could be heard distinctly down at the camp:

"Hello, mister!"

"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

"Is you uns down that Yanks?" she asked, with a wave of the brown arm from myself to the valley.

"Yes, sister," I replied; "we are all Yanks."

"Then you uns hed arter be shamed o' yusels!"

"I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Yes, a heap sight sorry you uns 'peah to be," and the pretty upper lip was curved at the corner, giving another tantalizing glimpse of the pearly teeth. Then, with forcible directness and a heightened glow on the cheeks that told of indignation: "What fo' do you uns 'll come down heah to fight we uns?" We uns don't want to fight you uns if you uns let we uns alone."

I had become very familiar with this presentation of the southern case, but I never before heard it put with such compact and delightful quaintness, and I would have shouted with laughter but for fear of hurting my lady's feelings.

"Then you are a rebel?" I said.

"No; I ain't nawthin' of the kind," she retorted, with spirit. "I'm fo' the south, I am; and do you uns know why?"

"No, but I should like to learn," I replied.

"I'm fo' the south, I am, kaze Mart Hall he's fo' the south."

"And who is Mart Hall, my lady?"

"Mart Hall's my sweetheart; and he's in a critter comp'ny long with Mistah Wheeler a fightin' you uns; and I'd 'vize you uns to keep out of his way, ef so be yeh ain't a fairly achin' to git hurt," she said.

There was no good reason why on the instant I should conceive a violent dislike for Mart Hall any more than any other trooper along with "Mistah Wheeler, yet I must confess I did.

"Sister, what is your name?" I asked.

"Saddie Ferguson," was the response.

"Where do you live?"

"Back that whar the smoke's risin," and she turned with inimitable grace and pointed to a valley at her back.

I sprang up to her side and following the direction of her still extended hand I saw a clearing to the north and a log cabin at the edge near the foot of a high hill.

"Father live there?" I asked.

She compressed her lips, nodded the pretty head till the crimson chaplet threatened to tumble off, then bringing her lips so close to my ear that her hot breath on my cheek thrilled me, she whispered:

"Dad, he's fo' the Yanks and the Union. He's back kaze o' rheumatiz, but Jake and Si, them uns is my brothers, is gone off with Mr. Spencer's fust Alabama critter comp'ny a fightin' fo' you uns."

"Ah, then yours is a divided house," I said, with a sigh of relief.

"You uns ken jest bet that we uns is d--d bad bruk up," she said, all unconscious of the unfeminine force of her language.

As it was growing dark, I bought the beechnuts for "a dollah in greenbacks or five in gray," and in order to get back the more valuable pail she accompanied me to the camp. I have heard of acts of courtesy on the part of our men, principally from the other side, but I must confess that I never saw one. My men could not wholly conceal the admiration that showed itself in their bronzed faces when this mountain beauty appeared in their midst; but beyond gallantly raising their hats whenever they caught Saddie Ferguson's eye, they tried, like good boys, to seem indifferent to her presence.

After this transaction was completed the girl did not seem in a hurry to leave. She begged some tobacco for her father and mother, or rather she offered to buy it and got it for nothing. Then she came to me again, and I felt flattered by her disposition to talk. "How long's you uns a-gwine fo' to stay har? Whar's you uns gwine whin you uns light out? What's you uns heah fo'?" These and scores of questions of the same kind Miss Saddie rattled off with all the artlessness of a curious child. And when at length she left, it seemed as if darkness at once settled over the camp.

The beechnuts were not the least part of our supper that evening. About an hour after dark and when our horses had grazed bare the margin of the stream for three hundred yards below the camp, we saddled up and pushed into the hills for about a mile, so as to throw the enemy off the scent if their scouts had been watching us.

As this second place was as near to the Ferguson cabin as was the camp where Saddie visited us, I decided to take one of the men and pay the father a visit. If he were a Union man, I reasoned that he might be of service. As we neared the cabin the yellow curs, never absent from such places, announced our approach. Then the door was thrown open, and framed in it we could see the gaunt form of a man leaning with both hands on a long stick.

He was dead, still buried in his heart.

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"Hello, that! Who's that?"

"Friends!" I replied.

"No'th or south?"

"Neither!"

"H--l! don't you uns lie!"

"I'm not lying! we're for the Union!"

"Oh, waal, that's 'bout the same's no'th," said the old man in the door, with more confidence in his voice.

On entering the cabin I was disappointed at finding Saddie absent, though I am very sure she had nothing to do with my coming. The old man had been tall, rawboned and powerful in his time, and might have been still but for the rheumatism. His wife, a short, dark eyed woman, was not inclined to be gracious, but sat in a corner by the fire smoking and not deigning to make a comment. The old man explained the reason for this sullenness after we were seated on the rude bench by saying:

"Nance" (he pointed his long stick at the woman) "and me don't gee 'bout the wah. I'm not squal fo' the Union and her and Saddie's h--l bent fo' the south. We uns hez two sons off in Mistah Spencer's critter company fight'n fo' the government, but mos' of the young men here are in fo' the 'Federacy.'

Pikeville, the county seat of Bledsoe county, appeared to be Sam Ferguson's Ultima Thule. He had never been in a larger town, though many years "befo' the wah" he and some of his neighbors

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

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It is remarkable how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly.

Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieves all manner of Bowel Complaints. To be taken in water.

Was Mart Hall at your place this morning?"

"Yes."

"And he talked with Saddie?"

"He did, fo' shuah."

"Very well; thanks for the information, and goobly."

As we rode down the narrow valley I became more and more convinced that there was a direct connection between Saddie Ferguson's visit to our camp and the killing of the three pickets, and yet my conscience pricked me for thinking so harshly of that surprisingly pretty girl.

About two miles below the point where we met the old man the creek ran from bank to bank between high limestone walls. Realizing that it would be a very bad place to be stopped, I dismounted thirty men and sent one-half up the precipitous rocks on either side, so as to clear the way, if need be, for the others to pass through with the horses.

I had just given the command to advance in this order, when a half dozen jets of unmistakable powder smoke shot out from a conical hill to the left, and Corporal Wilson, of the First United States regulars, fell dead from his horse. It was now evident that Mart Hall and his friends did not avail themselves of the canyon in order to attack.

Quicker than I can pen the briefest sentence that describes the adventure, number fours were holding the horses, and the others were speeding like deerhounds for the hill. It was by no means our first experience of this kind, and the fierce faces of the men in blue told that they were in no mood to be tender with the guerrillas. The rule had been to shoot them down if they did not surrender and to hang them up if they did.

As we advanced, the men on the hill kept up an irregular fire from behind a natural barricade of rocks near the crest, but there was only a handful of them, and our sudden and no doubt unexpected attack demoralized them so that not one of our men was hit till we had surrounded the cone and were under the shelter of the activity. I went to the rear of the hill, where I saw signs that told me that was the way in which our assailants had ascended. Our men knew what to do without further orders, and as they crept up they fired at everything they saw moving in front. When we had come within about fifty yards of the top I took refuge behind a rock and called out:

"Hello there, Mart Hall!"

"Hello yersel'!" came back the reply.

"There is no use in firing any more. I want you to surrender!"

"I'll see you uns d--d fust, and then I won't!" was the response.

"Yes, we uns 'll see you uns d--d fust!" rang out like an echo the unmistakable voice of Saddie Ferguson.

Like my mer, I had been fever hot with indignation, but as soon as I realized that the girl was here I felt a cold chill for the moment; then I called out:

"Have you a woman with you up there?"

"Yes," replied the man, "we uns hez got a lady up har, and she's my gal."

"If you are brave men you will send her down. We will do her no harm. Come, we have no time for fooling."

We could hear voices in discussion among the rocks. It was evident that Saddie's companions were anxious for her to leave, and equally evident that she was determined to stay. At length she decided the question by shouting out, in tones of resolute defiance:

"Mart Hall's my sweetheart, d--n you uns, and I'm a-gwine to stick by him till the ind. So my 'vice to you uns is to clar right out, and we uns 'll agree not to shoot any moah. That's honest Injun."

Despite this assurance, there was nothing left us but to push on, and that quickly, for we had no time to spare.

My men were at once drawn to the rise of the crest to avoid firing on each other, and I could hear them saying, as they braced for the expected dash, "We must save the girl, boys, if we can."

I shouted again to send the woman out, so as to throw the fellows up the hill off their guard, then signaled the advance with my saber, while Saddie was shouting her defiance, and in an instant the men in blue were leaping over the intervening space like tigers.

A ten seconds' fusillade; curses, yells, a woman's shriek, and then the cheer of the victors, whose last volley from the repeating carbines had been delivered within ten feet.

There was no need of the rope that day. Except the tall, lithe young man I took to be Mart Hall, all the men were dressed in butternut and armed with hunting rifles. Lying across Hall's body was the girl dead.

She still clutched a pistol in her little brown hand, and the red splotch on her forehead, with its purple, powder stained margin, told that her own hand had made the wound that took her from life with her desperate lover.

THE END.

Mahogany Sawing.

Mahogany is the first grain and marking is sawed up into veneer of half a dozen sawmills in this town. Mahogany sawing is a very pretty business, and a mahogany sawyer is a well paid man of great skill and long experience. He must know whether a log is suitable for veneer or slabs; must be able to guess whether its heart runs straight or "dips"; must see far enough into a log to decide whether it shall be cut transversely before being sawed lengthwise and whether it shall be quartered as oak is quartered or sawed straight through with the grain from end to end.—New York Sun.

Just Cause.

"Wodjer black Joey's heye fur arter he'd denied as he'd said them things about yer?" "Denied it? Not 'im! Why, I see to 'im, George as you're bin coring me a blacking." And he up and see, "I repudiate the statement." And then I blackin 'e eye. I might as' stood the cove's sayin of it once—but what he goes as repudiate it?"—London Public Opinion.

A Strange Accident.

"The strangest accident that ever fell within my observation," said Harold Chapman to a friend in the Lindell, who

curried at my home in Medicine Lodge, Kan. One day in May, 1889, I was driven into the house by a thunder shower. The rain moderated in a few minutes, however, and I took a chair and sat out on the porch. My youngest boy was playing with a tin cup, catching water from the rain pipe and pouring it along a rut in the floor. The water ran along this rut out onto the cistern platform. While he was stooping to fill the cup from the rain pipe a flash of lightning came, seemingly attracted by the iron cistern pump. The current leaped from the pump to the current of water that ran along the porch and flashed along its course to the end.

"As providence, accident, ill luck or

something else would have it our Thomas cat had come out from the kitchen and was standing close to the wet gutter made by pouring of the water. The cat

received the full benefit of the flash, and lay scorched and dead in an instant. Now I saw that flash distinctly, and saw it travel

TO A STOLEN PORTRAIT.

At you gaze from my library table,
'Mid manuscript, letters and books,
'Tis easy to see you're unique,
To regulate all of your looks.

For could you suspect my transgression—
That I stole you and had you up here—
I'm morally sure the expression—
You'd wear would be shocked and severe.

Yet why should you feel it a duty—
To frown where your presence enthralls;
Where the radiant charm of your beauty
Sheds grace round my bachelors walls;

Where my pen drops o'er theenvoy and poems.

And my eyes stray from Gibbon and Grote

To study your eyes, and dream poems

Unwrit, save in cloud lands remote?

As well might some goddess ungracious

Rebuke to a votary's shrine

Her image, as thou deem audacious

The homage I offer to thine.

But should Madame Grundy's dictation

Outweigh a bohemian's plea,

And sentence of prompt confiscation

Be ruthlessly passed upon me,

Pray what if, on closer inspection,

This picture with which I must part

Should prove to be but the reflection

Of one that is graven on my heart?

—Duffield Osborne in Harper's Bazar.

LITTLE COLONEL.

I had watched him every day for weeks. He always stood in the shadow of the American express office on Market space, and his poor little hunchback was so pitiful. He was the tiniest mite imaginable, and his pallid little face was rendered doubly delicate in appearance by the little blue shirt he always wore. He had light brown hair that stuck out around the small felt cap perched back over the crown of his head like the softer wisps of hay that edge a stack in summer. His eyes were like the blue of the Italian sea, but the expression of his mouth was old, very old, and the business twang in his shrill voice very distinct as he yelled his wares to the passersby: "Collar buttons—two for a cent. Note paper—needles—twenty-five cents a pack!"

Some few used to buy from him; others more often would give him a nickel or a dime and let him keep his goods. To each and every purchaser he doffed his hat, but he forgot their faces as soon as they amalgamated with the crowd. One could see it was an irksome task—mechanical, unloved. He was studying on something all the time. All the weeks I passed by he did not learn to know me until one day I paused and asked: "Now, look here, colonel, I want you to recognize me when I go by next time. I've traded with you for weeks, and you never know it. I'm getting pretty mad about it, I can tell you, my friend."

The little chap looked up into my face with an incredulous stare. There were lots of unspoken comments in the small young heart beneath that jacket of navy blue, but all he said was, as he lifted his cap: "I'll know you next time. Warm, isn't it?"

"Right you are, colonel," I said. "How in business?"

"Pretty fair. Dull times now, though."

"Ought not to be for you," I said. "All the ladies are doing their spring shopping and having their sewing done. They can't sew without needles. You needn't see?"

He threw me a shrewd glance from those wonderful blue eyes of his. "I see," he said.

After this I never passed without receiving a salute from the little colonel, and sometimes when out with a friend I was enabled to introduce a new customer to him. These favors he always appreciated, and I came to be looked upon as the advertising member of the firm. Between us we built up a big business, and we both felt encouraged.

But one day as I sauntered down there, thinking of a certain little piece of good news I had for my partner, I was somewhat startled by missing the colonel from the old stand.

"Funny," I thought, "very funny, he did not speak of his intended vacation. I am surprised, for the colonel is generally so businesslike." I went on disappointed, of course. Days passed, and still I missed him. I could not find any trace of him, and, strange to say, during all our intimacy I had neglected to inquire his exact address.

All day long, and as much of the night as I was awake, I was confronted by a vivid memory of his little, pallid face. The suspense seemed unbearable.

But just at that point where it seemed that I could not wait a moment longer I was relieved by a message from him. It reached me in this way: I was passing down the familiar Market space by the old stand, thinking fondly and sadly of the little colonel, when I noticed a big eyed colored boy with a double row of white teeth looking eagerly up and down the street. For some unaccountable reason I felt that he knew something of my partner. I stepped up to him and said:

"Good morning. Are you looking for some one?"

"Yes, you are," he said. "I've been looking for a white lady as used to know the little chap as alters stands here selling collar buttons. 'Deed I'm afraid, though, I can't find her. I've done spoke to three already, and, golly!" (here he grinned so both rows of teeth showed) "they was mad. 'Deed they was."

"How were you to know the lady?" I asked.

"Little Jim said," replied the boy, "I'd know her by her smile. So help me Gawd, every one as has gone by a grinnin' I've axed, 'Is you the little colonel's partner? an it strikes 'em silly as they gets mad. 'Deed they does!"

I was smiling broadly at his picture-like and animated relation of the past few hours' adventures; he ceased looking up and down the street and caught me in the middle of a full blown smile.

Up went the black paw, off went the cap, tattered and torn, and my inquisitor exclaimed, "Say, lady, yo' been her; be yo'?"

"You've found your man," I said; "I am the colonel's partner. Now tell me what message he sends by you."

"The colonel am very sick. He done tolle me to fetch yo' ef yo' would come,

an ef yo' had no time to tell yo' neber min, but dat he'd tote himself down ter business at de first particular opportunity when we can get outen his bed."

"Can you take me to him?"

The boy was wonderfully solemn by this time and hustled off to lead the way in double quick time.

"Ef yo' is tired," he said thoughtfully, "yo' might tek a car. The line runs right near his house. I'll run behind. Yo' kin get off at—street."

"You come, too," I said; "get on the platform. I'll pay your fare."

I was lost in dreams about my sick little friend when I was aroused by the car coming to a sudden standstill, and my guide came and touched my arm gently. Following him off the rear platform we turned into a little damp alleyway and stopped in front of a tumble down frame cottage.

"Poor little colonel," I thought, "we will have to get him out of this place as soon as he can be moved."

On either side of the alleyway stood a mass of little woolly headed urchins, male and female. I stepped over the threshold in the open doorway, for it was May, and the day, outside of the alley, at least, was warm. My guide followed in my wake. A pale faced woman met me and clasped both my extended hands in hers. There was sorrow, far deeper than tears would tell of, in that quiet drawn face. There was a bed in the farther corner, and one little folded and parchmentlike hand rested on the darned coverlet.

I stepped to the side of the bed. The little light brown head was thrown back on the pillows, the blue eyes were more magical than ever in their hue. The mouth, with its shrewd, old lines was open, and the breath came unsteadily through the even rows of small white teeth.

My throat filled up and I could not speak. My poor little partner; my brave little colonel! His mother began fanning him gently and evenly again from the other side of the bed. His eyes brightened when he saw me and his hand was lifted to greet me.

"Had to give up business for a spell," said the colonel falteringly.

"Oh, darling," I cried, forgetting my part in this strange scene, "I cannot bear to see you look so ill. What can I get you?"

A radiant smile lighted his face and he pointed upward. "I'm afraid I can't do business in the old stand," he said faintly, "but I've got a place up there, and I hope I can keep my bunch on my back, 'cause if I don't when you come along you won't know the little colonel!"

He ceased speaking to rest. I passed him some wine and water mixed which stood at hand. His eyes fell on his little colored friend standing back by the door twisting his hat in both hands nervously and shifting noiselessly from one foot to the other.

"You found her by her smile, didn't you?" said the little colonel. "I told you you could tell it. My partner has the sweetest smile in the world."

The temporary stimulus afforded by the wine and water began to wear away ever so quickly.

The shouting of the children came in at the door and window, and a smile passed over the face of the little colonel.

"They are mostly black, but they were always good to me," he whispered.

Then suddenly he rose up on one thin little elbow and cried excitedly, "Collar buttons, two for a cent; needles and paper, twenty-five cents a pack," waving an imaginary bundle in his hand. A change, sudden and awful, passed over his face, his hand tightened its grasp over my own, he sank slowly back on his pillow; there was a gentle fluttering of the eyelids, some long drawn struggling breaths, and the little colonel had moved to his new stand.—Helen Corinne Bergen.

Wonderful Little Padlock and Chain.

In a curious old book entitled "The Wonders and Curiosities of London," there are the following particulars concerning a minute padlock: In the twentieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scarlot, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of steel, iron and brass, all of which, together with the key, weighed but a small fraction over one grain. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, which, after fastening it to the lock and key above mentioned, he put around the neck of a common flea, the whole being so minute that the little insect could draw them over a silver plate with perfect ease. All of these together, lock, key, chain and flea, weighed a slight fraction less than 24 grains.

Turkey Buzzards in the South.

The turkey buzzards that are to be seen in New Jersey and that appear to be working their way northward in considerable numbers have changed, or rather extended, their habitat within recent years. Before the war there were no buzzards in this latitude. They are unclean creatures, and if angry or alarmed will vomit at the object that has enraged or startled them. In southern cities they are protected by law, for they act as scavengers, and flocks of them may always be seen about the markets watching for offal. They become as tame as poultry, allowing men to approach within a few feet of them. Their voices are harsh and croaking, and they have a lopsided run as if they were lame in one foot.

—New York Times.

An Enterprising Burglar.

America is said to be the home of enterprise, but an English burglar has gone a little ahead of anything that ever originated in the Yankee mind. He conceived the idea of increasing his receipts by furnishing to a newspaper "beats" on his exploits. After each burglary he sent a full account to the paper and collected pay for the articles in the usual way.

The fact that he was finally detected and is now in jail does not detract from his distinction as a man of resources.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Snobkins Rebuked.
Snobkins (who thinks he recognizes some one he knows)—Oh—er! Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

Nobkins (who declines to be patronized)—As I have been in existence for the last half century I should say it is highly probable that you have.

Snobkins does not pursue his inquiries any further.—Exchange.

Removing Tumors Early.
If it were generally known among intelligent people that great numbers of innocent tumors sooner or later become malignant, and that malignant tumors often simulate benign tumors and remain quiescent for a great while, the sufferers would unhesitatingly consent to the removal of these morbid growths in their inception, long before the possible advent of serious mischiefs, by minor operations which would leave the smallest scars, especially in such parts as the face, neck, arms or hands.—J. W. S. Gonley, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

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"The colonel am very sick. He done tolle me to fetch yo' ef yo' would come,

Indiscriminate Giving.

It is all very well to preach against indiscriminate charity, and to those who are inclined to benevolence the lesson is most valuable. There is too much careless giving, for charity no doubt often breeds mendicancy, and if there is to be giving it ought to be thoughtful, to the end that it may do good and not evil. Besides the charitably disposed, however, are those who are careless of the misfortunes of their neighbors and those whose selfishness is rarely tempted to make a sacrifice for the happiness of their kind.

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Arlington Advocate

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line,	25 cents
Special Notices, " "	15 "
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Marriages and Deaths—free.	

JAMES G. BLAINE'S DEATH.

Last Friday forenoon the long expected end came and the most popular American of his time lay dead in the "red house" from which not long ago went forth plans and documents which proved that James G. Blaine was not only the most splendidly equipped politician of his day and generation but to a larger degree the peer of any of his predecessors whom history to-day writes down as statesmen.

Measured by his associates and by men in similar positions elsewhere, Mr. Blaine was in his prime, with many of the best years of life yet before him; and originally he had splendid physical powers. But if his life had splendid triumphs it had the bitterest of disappointments, and when to these disasters to public ambitions were added the loss one after another of the children who were his hope and pride at the time when another son was disgracing the name he bore, it is not strange that disease found in him a victim.

The funeral occurred on Monday, at Washington, and is thus described by our correspondent in that city:—

"The funeral of James G. Blaine, which took place to-day, will be remembered as long as any of those who witnessed the scenes attending it shall live. It was intended to be private; that is, so far as the general public is concerned, invitations having been extended only to the President, Cabinet, Senators and Representatives, high civil officials, officers of the army and navy, the diplomatic corps and a few of the closest personal friends of the Blaine family, and the seating capacity of the Church of the Covenant being less than 800 it was necessary for many of those invited to stand during the short services; but the people were there all the same—thousands of them; they could not get into the church, but they crowded the streets from the Blaine residence to the church, and followed the procession to Oak Hill cemetery, where the remains of the most popular American of his time were buried beside the grave of two of his children, Walker Blaine and Mrs. Coppernick. At first there was a disposition to grumble because the funeral was not held in the Capital where much larger crowd could have been accommodated—no building in the world could have held all who wished to attend—but when it was learned that the funeral was arranged according to the wishes of Mr. Blaine the murmuring ceased. The services were as simple as they could possibly be made, a prayer at the house and the reading of the Presbyterian burial service and a prayer at the church. The church was profusely decorated with growing palms and evergreens, and cut flowers from the government conservatories, but they were arranged with such perfect taste that there was withal no appearance of ostentation; on the contrary, it impressed the beholder as a picture of rustic simplicity, but it was the simplicity of educated artistic taste, and not of nature. I have seen funerals of many prominent people, but I never have seen so much feeling displayed among the masses as to-day on the streets of Washington."

Governor vs. Council.

His Excellency is apparently much in earnest in his demand for the abolition of the time-honored share of responsibility with the gubernatorial office, the "Executive Council," and with the shrewdness of the sharp politician he has shown himself to be Gov. Russell has lately presented his side of the argument in the form of an interview in some of the Boston papers.

This line of argument is not only clearly shown, but effectually met in review of that "interview" by Lieut.-Gov. Walcott, who says:—

"The Council is not a body dependent in any one sense upon the will of the Governor, and therefore exclusively subject to his pleasure in the appointment of its committees. It is a body receiving its mandate directly from the people (to quote a phrase at present much used), clothed with important duties and responsibilities, and answerable to the people alone. That it is not proper for such a body, when occasion occurs, to appoint its own committee to aid it in the performance of its duty is clearly an untenable position. The action of the Council, which has been made the occasion for these repeated protests, was a simplification of its rules which added in no degree to the power which the Council already possessed, and it is a surprising contention of His Excellency that the assertion of the undoubted right of the Council to appoint its own committee, if it seem fit, is an attack upon the prerogatives of his office, making necessary a protest as often as it is exercised."

The islands lying to the west of this continent, — the now "half-way-house" between two hemispheres—have been fruitful sources of diplomatic complications between the United States and European nations for the last fifty years and now, after a brief period of rest, are again presenting a confused state of affairs which seems likely to eventuate in closer relations with this republic than ever before. A revolution, peace-

fully accomplished, has changed the governing power in the Sandwich Islands, and the representatives of this new combination are now in Washington to present claims for recognition.

If Congressman O'Neill and the Boston Herald were half as active in trying to unearth frauds on the naturalization laws as they are in a vain search for pension frauds they would be kept busy all the time and perform a patriotic service. But that is another story.

The February Century has a fine portrait of Tennyson and much interesting matter pertaining to the recently deceased poet. "Franz Liszt" is the subject of a critical and appreciative article on this great pianist, the paper being finely illustrated. The Salvini autobiography is continued in attractive form, with some fine portraits. Probably the most notable article of the number is a semi-official paper by the Secretary of the Russian Legation in Washington, Mr. Pierre Botkine, entitled "A Voice for Russia," in which for the first time an authoritative statement is made of the attitude of Russia toward its political prisoners and its Jewish population. In the story department The Century is rich as usual, and the poetry and special article are up to the high standard of excellence maintained. The variety of the number may be inferred from the geographical bearings of the articles alone, which deal with topics relating to English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Turkish and Malay subjects, as well as American localities as diverse as Massachusetts, New York, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Chicago, Colorado and the Northern Pacific Ocean.

On Monday evening next, Feb. 6th, Neil Burgess, with the same excellent company with which he surrounded himself last season, returns to Boston with that record breaking play, the "County Fair," but this time he will be seen at the Tremont Theatre, which he selected to make a reproduction of his play owing to the possibilities given him for improvements in his race horse scene by the additional stage facilities of that theatre, and preparations are now actively going on at the Tremont, rebuilding the stage and putting in the necessary electrical appliance to permit of seven thoroughbreds instead of five as heretofore. The engagement is a limited one, being for four weeks only, and this will be Mr. Burgess's last appearance in Boston with the idyll of New England life.

However much one may have differed politically from Mr. Blaine, he cannot fail to be interested in the striking personality of the man, a personality which possesses a phenomenally intense and universal interest for the people at large, quite independent of any immediate connection with the questions of the day. The February Cosmopolitan presents a careful review of Mr. Blaine's characteristics as a man and statesman, prepared by Mr. T. C. Crawford, and illustrated by numerous sketches of his home, and famous cartoons apposite of striking phases of his political career. Curiously enough, this is found side by side with General Badeau's sketch of Lord Beaconsfield. Badeau, when Secretary of Legation, was acquainted with Disraeli, and the alternately bizarre and magnificent political figure cut by this extraordinary man is described in a most readable manner. The second article in the series of the "Great Railway Systems of the United States" also appears in this number, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, with its more than ten thousand miles of track, being treated. The story is told of its early beginnings, of the autocratic power wielded by its managers over more than one-quarter of our territory. Few people not living on the line of the road have any conception of its marvelous importance. A delightful Japanese story, "Tokio Murata," and a jeu d'esprit entitled "June, 1903," from the pen of Julian Hawthorne, are unusually entertaining; the flying machine has never given opportunity for a writer, and at the same time more valuable speculation than Mr. Hawthorne's. The making of beet-root sugar is one of the rapidly growing interests on the North American continent, but the first time in magazine literature it is here thoroughly explained in every process, helped out by photographs of the seed, the roots, the method of cultivation and the most improved machinery for conversion into sugar.

Prominent Arlington Physician Dead.

It is our painful duty this week to record the sudden death of Richard Lord Hodgdon, M. D., who for nearly forty years has been identified with all that concerned the best interests of the place he chose in early manhood as his future home. Finding a wife in the daughter of the late Dr. Wellington, to whom he came as an assistant, he succeeded to his extensive practice, and the children who have crowned and blessed that marriage were born in the old "Wellington home" still standing a conspicuous ornament to Pleasant street. Though always a busy man professionally, Dr. Hodgdon has taken a deep interest in public matters and been willing to bear his share of official burdens. The Public Library, founded largely through the instrumentality of Dr. Wellington, has been his special care and pride, and ever since the town made it a "free public library" (the first one in the state as he claimed) Dr. Hodgdon has served as one of the

trustees. His last public appearance here was at the dedication of the Robbins Public Library, and the paper he then presented in the form of a "Historical Sketch" was the most valuable contribution of historic data offered on that memorable occasion. Our public schools have found in him an advocate and adviser second only to Judge Parmenter who, in former years especially, received at his hands invaluable help in the town meeting discussions. Prior to the present organization of the School Committee Dr. Hodgdon was a member of that board for some years, and for one year he acted as "superintendent." Besides serving the town in these capacities, he was chosen a Water Commissioner for two terms of 3 years each, devoting himself during that time to successful settlement of suits, securing maps and establishing recorded boundaries, in addition to more formal duties of office. He also served the town in other less prominent capacities, always with credit to himself and honor to the town. For a number of years Dr. Hodgdon has been a member of the State Board of Lunacy and Charity, receiving his first commission from Gov. Robinson and his second from Gov. Brackett, and at the time of his death was chairman of the Board, his term expiring in 1895. He was also a highly honored member of Mass. Medical Society and often held important official trusts among his associates. The District Society also claimed a liberal share of his time and talent. With this mere hint at how he gave of his time for interests other than his personal affairs, it will be seen that he must have been indeed a busy man. But he had other interests of a business nature on the line of his comparatively recent opening of what was his "farm" for building lots, giving to the town the attractive section now known as Wellington street. The Dr. never sought office, though he was an active politician in the best sense, a man sure to be found at his party caucuses, ever willing to bear his full share of responsibility and expense. He was as a rule loyal to his party and was proud of being known as a party man; but there was in him a broad streak of real independence in political action. Though at the time of his death Dr. H. was 67 years of age he was in no sense an old or even an elderly man in appearance. On the contrary there was every indication that many more useful years lay before him; but a severe cold rapidly developed into pneumonia and his useful and busy life closed after a brief illness. He was attended by his son Dr. A. H. Hodgdon, a successful physician of Dedham, and other members of the profession in consultation, but was not considered dangerously sick until less than twenty-four hours before he died. Dr. Hodgdon was born in South Berwick, Me., April 11, 1825, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1845. On leaving college he went south and was employed as a teacher in Glyn county, Ga., for three years. He then studied medicine with Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, meanwhile attending lectures in Harvard Medical School. He took the course of Jefferson Medical College, where he took his medical degree in 1852. A year later he came to Arlington. A widow, two sons (the Dr. alluded to and Mr. Frank W., a civil engineer) and one daughter survive him.

Working for Christ.

As a fit climax this is an evangelistic movement. It is primarily an effort of the young to save the young. These Endeavorers take charge of the smallest little ones in the Junior society and train them to work for Christ. They plead with the associate members who are not willing to call themselves Christians, and they win them over. They are zealous for church membership. Last year 120,000 joined the church from the ranks of these societies, chiefly from the associate membership. They are eager with invitations to a Christian life. They put them in the way in hotels, railroad stations, barber shops, wherever young men and young women may be reached. They work in many ingenious ways. They bait their hooks with social gatherings, with music, with flowers. They are eager for souls, these Christian Endeavorers. Once a week.

Christian Endeavor Convention.

The twelfth international Christian Endeavor convention will be at Montreal next July. So great is the interest aroused that more accommodation has been promised than was at the disposal of the 1892 committee in New York. For the meetings the use of the National Drill hall has been secured. This is an immense stone building, absolutely fire proof, and contains an assembly room with an area of 40,000 feet. To supplement this a huge tent, 230 by 130 feet, has been purchased and will be pitched on the square directly opposite the drill hall, and will accommodate a second meeting of 10,000 persons if necessary.

Bucklon's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 30, Richard L. Hodgdon, aged 67 years. In Lexington, Jan. 27, Mrs. Susan Stratton, aged 56 years. In Gardner, Jan. 21, Mrs. Louisa Barnes Mason, aged 58 years. In Arlington, Jan. 21, Christopher J. White, aged 55 years. In Arlington, Feb. 1, Mrs. Mary E. Gardner, aged 27 years, 7 months, 24 days.

New Home Sewing Machine, 160 Tremont St., Boston. Agents wanted.

If you have chapped hands or face Use Whittemore's Glycadenia.

If you have a cough or a cold Old Dr. Howland's Balsam never fails.

If you have a prescription to be compounded, no matter whom the physician, I Want To Prepare It.

I use only PURE DRUGS, and DO NOT SUBSTITUTE. You MUST trust to your druggist.

O. W. WHITTEMORE, REGISTERED PHARMACIST.

Furniture for Sale

At house rear of 181 Arlington avenue.

3Feb

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing under the style of Geo. E. Muzzey is this day dissolved by limitation.

GEO. E. MUZZEY.

J. W. SKILLINGS.

Lexington, Feb. 1, 1893.

The undersigned will continue the lumber business at the old stand.

GEO. E. MUZZEY.

Lexington, Feb. 1, 1893.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, Feb. 2, 1893.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House will give a hearing to parties interested in petition of the Selectmen of Arlington and the West End Street Railway Company for legislation confirming an order of location for street railway tracks on TUESDAY, February 7th, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

BOWDOIN S. PARKER,

Chairman.

DANA MALONE,

Clerk of the Committee.

3Feb 1W

WANTED,

By a Seamstress, engagements by the day at \$1.25 per day. Address L. D., Box 425 2Feb

Articles of Association for the formation of a Street Railway Corporation.

We, the subscribers, hereby associate ourselves with the intention of forming a corporation for the purpose of constructing and operating a Street Railway for the conveyance of passengers agreeably to the provisions of Chapter one hundred and thirteen of the Public Statute, and all general laws in addition thereto.

The name of the Corporation shall be the "Mystic Valley Street Railway Company."

The proposed railway is to commence at Central Square in the town of Stoneham and County of Middlesex, and to extend thence to and through the town of Winchester, and to extend thence to and through the town of Arlington to the junction of Mystic street and Arlington ave., in said County of Middlesex; its terminus; its length will be about six (6) miles, and its gauge about four feet, eight inches, as required by law.

The capital stock of said Company shall be Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000).

The following named persons, being members of the Association and a majority of their inhabitants of said Winchester, shall act as a Board of Directors until others shall be legally chosen by the Corporation, viz:—

ARTHUR L. WYMAN, of Winchester.

G. EDWARD SMITH, of Boston.

HENRY C. RUCK, New Brighton, Staten Island.

JOHN B. HUMPHREY, of Somerville.

SAMUEL W. McCALL, of Winchester.

GEORGE S. LITTLEFIELD, of Winchester.

DAVID N. SKILLINGS, of Winchester.

And we severally agree to take the number of shares in the stock of said Corporation set against our respective names:

No. of Shares.

Arthur L. Wyman, Winchester, 75

David N. Skillings, Winchester, 10

Henry C. Ruck, New Brighton, Staten Island, 10

85 Water street, Boston, 10

A. B. Coffin, Winchester, 10

Samuel W. McCall, Winchester, 2

George C. Kellogg, Winchester, 2

G. Edward Smith, Boston, 2

Alfred S. F. Kirby, Winchester, 2

Geo. B. Abbott, Winchester, 2

George S. Littlefield, Winchester, 2

26 State street, Boston, 2

Frank O. Covil, Winchester, 2

W. F. Forsyth, 8 Congress st., Boston, 2

Charles Evans, Winchester, 2

W. A. Clark, Jr., 61 Exchange Bldg., Boston, 2

Frank C. Kimball, Somerville, 2

John G. Moore, Somerville, 2

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

A concert will come off on the evening of February 15th.

Last evening the class in "History of Early Christianity" had for its topic "Gospel of Matthew."

Sunday evening the rain descended, preventing a large attendance, but the stereopticon views were fine and Rev. Mr. Cooke spoke of "Jesus in Galilee" in connection with the scenes.

Dr. Rexford, of Roxbury, who was to lecture, Tuesday evening, on "Universalism," was unable to come then. Owing to the sickness in the village, its postponement to some Sunday evening may be for the best.

Candlemas day was yesterday. Around it always have clustered many superstitions, but the world still moves, though we doubt very much if all the Christmas greens were previously removed.

Sunday seems to have been improved by nearly all the ministers, irrespective of sects, as a day in which to honor the memory of the great and gifted Phillips Brooks. How could the time have been more profitably spent than in holding spiritual communion with one who was great as a defender of the faith, and a "man sent from God!"

Rev. G. W. Cooke preached last Sunday morning on "The Evolution of Morals," alluding to the doctrine of "heredity," and showing that morals, or the lack of them, in the family, were often evolved from generation to generation, the children often inheriting virtuous proclivities from upright and good parents and vicious tendencies from coarse and dissolute ones.

No session of our schools again this week, on account of the measles, which have visited a greater part of the homes in our village. As they seem reluctant to leave, there is little outside news to record. It is to be regretted that our schools are so broken up this winter, for Miss Blake's illness was a drawback to the systematic work, but we hope she will be able to return next Monday, when the schools recommence then, with renewed strength, and the pupils will do all in their power to aid her.

Last Friday evening, under the auspices of the "Follen Lend-a-Hand," a "library party" was held at Mrs. Cooke's. The following is the list of those who personated certain books and the titles of the books: Miss Hardy, "Oliver Twist;" Edwin Worthen, "Two Years Ago;" Grace Leavitt, "One Maid's Mischief;" George Foster and George Holland, "Fast Friends;" Minor Smith, "Commentators on Acts;" Charles Blanchard, "Rose in Bloom;" Josie Blanchard, "Lamb's Tales;" Mabel Smith, "The Light that Failed;" Maude Snelling, "In His Name;" Lydia Blanchard, "Red Riding Hood;" Grace Blanchard, "Rose in Ring;" Wilson Blanchard, "The Scarlet Letter;" Mabel Brown, "A Round Dozen;" Agnes M. Brown, "Six to Sixteen;" Marion Cooke, "Dolly;" Julia Maynard, "The Moonstone;" Rosa Kane, "Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag;" Eva Lowe, "Three Feathers;" Florence Kauffmann, "Ivanhoe;" Carlton Worthen, "Good Luck;" Carlton Childs, "Innocents Abroad;" Florence Cooke, "Trumps;" Annie Lawrence, "Proverbs;" Ewell Jameson, "A Lazy Man's Work;" Addie Allen, "Never Too Late to Mend;" Mattie Childs, "Chain Bearer;" Alice Brown, "A Bow of Orange Ribbon;" Frank Pierce, "Sealed Orders;" L. E. Pierce, "Lamplighter;" Garth Bachelor, "Hammered Anvil;" Frank Holland, "His Own Master;" Frank Mason, "Blue Ribbon;" Mrs. F. J. Whilton, "Just as I Am;" Mr. F. J. Whilton, "Woman Through a Man's Eye-Glass;" Byron Russell, "Pocket Rifle;" Crawford Brown, "A Tale of Two Cities;" George Elliott, "American Coin;" Winsor Smith, "Hard to Bear;" Cora Ball, "Blue Ribbons;" Ray Frizzelle, "American Coin;" Mr. Clarence Wilbur, "The Three Feathers;" May Elliott, "Rose in Bloom." There was much fun and also much thinking in guessing correctly the books, and we think if the authors' names were required of all it would be even more difficult for those outside the Friday evening circle. Light refreshments were served, and it was in very truth an instructive and entertaining party. The wits of all participants and others have been sharpened by it. Miss Lydia Blanchard and Mr. Frank Pierce received the first prizes, viz., a silver pin and an inkstand, and Miss Josie Blanchard and Mr. Clarence Wilbur the "booby" prizes,—match safes filled with matches.

It Should Be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay street, Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack with "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims that Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at the drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Each Bros., of Cambridge, are leaders in the line of sun pictures. A cordial invitation is extended to all the residents of this section to visit their studio and inspect the pictures on exhibition. Mr. H. W. Willmar Tupper, the manager, will be pleased to extend all the courtesies. Every car of the West End Railroad going to Harvard Square passes the door.

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THE RAT'S OWN FAULT

IF HE HAD KEPT HIS HEAD HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN KILLED.

The Pretty Girl Would Not Have Been Frightened. George's Trouser Would Still Be Available, and the Small Boy Would Have Missed Lots of Fun.

The boy sat on the big box, kicking his heels against the sides. He was a short, stumpy boy, with an abundance of freckles held over from summer. The box was an ordinary packing box. It stood on the sidewalk in front of the Walton building in Franklin street, near where the Sixth avenue elevated road crosses. Underneath the box a long, lean, gray bearded rat had taken up temporary quarters.

The rat was in bad luck. In the first place a sneaky looking dog, droopy as to tail, a mongrel of the kind termed "yaller," was lounging about, nosing in the gutter and yearning for an opportunity to display the deviltry common to his kind. Behind the rat's refuge in a doorway a pretty young woman was talking to a much infatuated "George." An elderly and important looking personage, wearing gold mounted eyeglasses and carrying a gold headed cane, had just made an imposing descent from the elevated station and was promenading leisurely toward the box. A cart horse attached to a truck stood in front of a saloon near by waiting for the driver to come out. All was calm and peaceful. Then the rat came on the scene.

The first to see him was the boy. He jumped off the box, and the rat started out toward the station with the boy in hot chase. This aroused the dog, who, with a howl of anticipated sport, joined in the pursuit. The fugitive made straight for the elderly personage. The boy was a fairly good second and the dog a close third. The personage, becoming aware that something was coming his way, glanced over the top of the gold mounted eyeglasses.

"Hi, there!" yelled the boy. "He's comin' your way. Head 'im off. Swat 'em with th' stick."

The old gentleman "swathered." He missed the rat and hit the boy on the shins. The boy gave a shrill whoop, lay down on the walk and wept.

"Did it hurt you?" inquired the owner of the cane.

That made the boy so angry that he stopped crying.

"Did it hurt me?" he howled in righteous wrath. "Did it hurt me? You ol' gold headed snooper. How'd you like it if I clubbed yer bloomin' ol' shins with a waggin' spok? What'd you say of a fat headed cove?—Hit! Here he comes back! Grab 'im! Turn 'im back! Hit 'im when he goes by!"

The rat had doubled on his track and was flying up the street again with the dog several paces behind. In between the feet of the personage dodged the rat. The dog essayed to follow by the same route and got tangled up with the feet. Down came the personage, his gold headed cane flying in one direction and his gold rimmed spectacles in another. Then and there he offered a few remarks that wrung from the boy an admiring tribute. "Gosh," said he, "you can cuss."

In the mean time the rat was on his way up the street, and the pretty young woman who with her "George" had emerged from the doorway, was walking down the street engaged in conversation.

"Yes, he was just as nice about it as he could be; said it wasn't any trouble at all. He said—Oh! O-w-w-w! George! E-e-e-e-e! It's rat! Help! It's coming this way. E-e-e-e-e! Help me up on this box. Yes, I'm all right now, but—Oh, George, do you suppose he can climb up here? E-e-e-e-e! Don't let him climb up here or I shall d-d-die!"

George let out a terrific kick that landed in the stomach of the pursuing dog. By way of retaliation the dog took off part of one leg from George's trousers, and fled across the street howling dizzily until it came to the cart horse. Apparently connecting that animal with his misfortunes, the dog nibbled at its hind leg. The horse snorted and ran down the street with the truck clattering after. The rat, instead of taking this chance of escape, rushed frantically across the street and back again, with the boy, who had come up, followed by the personage, hot on the trail. The personage was regarding with undisguised admiration the pretty girl, who, with garments gathered and held up lightly in one hand, was standing on tiptoe on the box viewing the chase. George was looking at his trousers.

The owner of the truck came out of the saloon in time to see his property rattling down the street. As he started after it, leaving a trail of profanity behind him, a gaunt cat sauntered out of the saloon. Before the teamster had caught his horse the cat had pounced on the rat and put an end to him. Then the dog avenged his woes by catching her by the back of the neck and shaking the life out of her. The boy hit the dog with a brick on general principles. Then he returned to the personage, the box, George, and the pretty young woman. The latter was saying:

"Oh, dear! I was so scared. I hope I—Oh, George, did I hold my dress up so very high? Please say I didn't! That horrid old man with the eyeglasses!"

"Why, of course you didn't," said George promptly. The girl descended and walked away with him, her fears alleviated.—New York Sun.

Experiments with Pigeons.

Experiments have recently been made to determine the length of time through which a carrier pigeon will preserve the "homing" instinct—that is to say, how

long a bird must be kept away from its original or home loft before it will lose the instinct to return. Recently seventy-two pigeons in the German military service were taken from Mayence to Brunswick, a distance of 170 miles, and kept in captivity a month. Then they were liberated. They started instantly in the direction of Mayence and arrived there in 44 hours.—Youth's Companion.

Mr. Bement's Cabinet of Minerals.

The largest and richest private cabinet of minerals in America is said to be that of Mr. Clarence L. Bement, of Philadelphia. His collection fills nearly a whole floor of his large house, which is lighted with special reference to seeing his treasures to advantage, and none of the public museums have specimens of a size, beauty and perfection to surpass those that he has been patiently gathering for the past twenty years or more. The leading dealers in this country have standing orders to send him the best of what comes to them, and they willingly do so, for he is prompt and liberal in his payments, being a gentleman not only of enthusiasm, but of ample fortune. What he does not take is sent to the British museum as the second best buyer. While it is difficult to set a price on a scientific collection, it is said by those who should know that Mr. Bement's cabinet is worth at least \$125,000.—New York Sun.

The Old Way.

Mr. Halloran, an up river pilot of celebrity, who was studying the lower Mississippi river, told me that he remembered when it was the custom for the mates to hit lazy negroes on the head with a billet of wood "and knock them stiff." The other negroes used to laugh, presumably as the sad faced man laughed when the photographer clapped a pistol to his head and said, "Smile, or I'll shoot you." When the felled negro came to the others would say, "Lep up quick an' git to work, nigger; d-mate's a-comin'." They do not urge the help with cordwood now—so the mate of the Providence told me—because the negroes get out warrants and delay the boat.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

No Longer an Experiment.

The kindergarten is no longer an experiment. It is not now on the defensive, either on its educational or on its philanthropic side. It is rather for those who ignorantly oppose the kindergarten to show cause for their opposition in the face of the almost unanimous approval of experts and the enthusiastic endorsement of all that part of the general public who have had the opportunity of becoming familiar with its methods and results.—Century.

Invention Succeeds Invention.

The new hook and eye that are peculiar because the hook has a hump in it have been succeeded by a hook that is peculiar for two humps between which the eye is held in place. Thus rapidly does invention succeed invention in this land of novelties.—New York Sun.

Looking for Gold.

Mr. R. T. Imrie, of Washington county, Or., found a piece of pure gold about the size of a pea in the gizzard of one of his chickens. He is now on a still hunt for the feeding grounds of that particular chicken, and is thinking of assaying the entire barnyard company.—New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Pay.

The North Carolina boy who went out to shoot birds with a gun made of a brass tube shot himself of course. And we don't know that we are even sorry for his parents. It would not pay to raise such a fool.—Buffalo Express.

A prominent jeweler says that he sells a number of daggers annually to women. These are not ornaments but serious weapons. They are just large enough to slip easily inside a woman's gown. Some women have these made to order, when they are lavishly adorned and encrusted with precious stones. They are frequently carried in traveling, when they are intended as weapons of defense. They are preferred to revolvers, which are likely to go off summarily and in the wrong direction.—Jeweler's Circular.

The latest stock is described by the advertisements in the jewelers' windows: "We have got you at last. This clock keeps on ringing its alarm until you get out of bed and remove the pin."

At a recent sale in Paris two autograph scores of Offenbach were sold at fifty dollars, and that of "Le Prophète" of Meyerbeer at thirty dollars.

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Experiments with Pigeons.

Experiments have recently been made to determine the length of time through which a carrier pigeon will preserve the "homing" instinct—that is to say, how



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NEW YORK'S POSTAL SERVICE.

Interesting Facts About the Growth of the Delivery System.

The fair of the postoffice employees was an incentive to resuscitate and revivify every postal article obtainable that was quaint, ancient, and antique, even to an exhibit of a picture of the building used for the first postoffice. In connection with this might have been mentioned the fact that it was in 1623, nine years after the construction of the first fort at the southern end of Manhattan Island, that the first postoffice saw its beginning. Previous to this, masters of vessels bringing letters from domestic and foreign ports brought them on shore and left them at a coffee house, where the merchants, the burghers and the loungers met to discuss the topics of the day. Here the letters were deposited in a rack, where they might be obtained by the persons to whom they were addressed.

In 1660, when New Amsterdam consisted of straggling groups of one story houses with peaked roofs and gable ends fronting the street, and when the city extended no farther north than Wall street, there was the town winding near the Battery, and the government house stood in Water street, near Whitehall. It was in this year that the letter carrier first appeared—the lounging who carried the mail to the merchant or burgher. It was not until 1692, however, that the first city postoffice was established, near Bowling green, the postmaster being Richard Nichel.

In 1710 the British postmaster general established the general postoffice in this city and ordered that all mails coming by vessels should be sent there. A year later post routes between New York and Boston and New York and Albany were established, and the mails were carried on horseback twice a month. In 1740 a similar route was established between New York and Philadelphia.

In 1753 Benjamin Franklin was appointed postmaster general of the colonies. Alexander Colden soon afterward succeeded Richard Nichel as postmaster of the city, which office he held until the beginning of the Revolution, when the postoffice was abolished by the British officials and remained closed for seven years.

William Bedlow, after whom Bedlow's island was named, was the first postmaster appointed after the war, and in 1786 he was succeeded by Sebastian Barnum, at which time the postal revenue was \$2,789, and the city directory contained 926 names only.—New York Tribune.

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THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain, Alas, too quickly did they wane!
For each some boon, some blessing bore, Of smiles and tears each had its store, Its checkered lot of bliss and pain.
Although it idle be and vain, Yet cannot I the wish restrain That I had held them evermore, The sweet, sad years!
Like echo of an old refrain That long within the mind has lain, I keep repeating o'er and o'er, "Nothing can e'er the past restore; Nothing bring back the years again, The sweet, sad years."
—Rev. Charles D. Bell.

Working on Mountain Tops.

Some practical facts are furnished by the experience of the workmen engaged in the construction of the new Central railway over the main range of mountains in Peru. The line starts from Lima, in latitude 12 degs. The summit tunnel of this line at Galeria is at the height of 15,645 feet, or a little under the height of Mont Blanc, but it must be remembered that the climatic conditions are very different and more unfavorable in Peru than in Europe. Mr. E. Lane, the engineer in chief finds that the workmen up to an altitude of 8,000 to 10,000 feet do about the same relative quantity of work as at sea level, provided they have been inured to the height or brought up in the country. At 12,000 feet the amount of work deteriorates, and at 14,000 to 16,000 a full third has to be deducted from the amount that the same man could perform at sea level. Mules and horses are found to do about the same efficient work proportionately as human beings up to about 17,000 feet in the district.—Nineteenth Century

Remarks About Snow.

The snow was particularly light and fluffy, and it settled on the sidewalks like fine goose feathers. The janitor of a certain flat is a son of Ham, built like a Hercules. The janitor of the next flat is a son of Erin. The two recognize no color line, and are great friends. Before the sun they rose to clear the sidewalks of the snow ere it should be trampled down by pedestrians. Both were equipped with snow shovels.

"By golly, Pat," shouted the herculean son of Ham, after he had been working for a few minutes, "dis yar snow am so feaderly dat shovelin it ain't no good no how. 'Minds me of pushing fog."

"Well, begorra," replied Pat, without looking up from his work, "get a fan and fan it off."—New York Times.

Big Salvage in New York Harbor.

In 1889 the City of New York, on her first voyage to this port, ran ashore of Sandy Hook. A leading wrecking company of this city took a score of lighters down to take off her cargo so that she might be floated. A number of tugs aided in the work.

The wrecking company put in a claim for salvage and was awarded \$75,000. Including the compensation to the tugs which worked with the wrecking company the total amount of salvage awarded was over \$100,000.—New York Evening Sun.

His Return Courteous.

A well known New Yorker, famous for his bon mots, was asked by a friend upon returning from Boston recently if he had renewed his acquaintance with a certain lady well known for her impressive style and blue stocking qual mities.

"No," he replied with a smile. "She invited me one evening to 'meet' some minds at tea, but I had an engagement to meet some stomachs at dinner—at the St. Botolph club, and so I had to forego the pleasure."—New York Herald.

The Smallest Painting.

Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and in the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.—New York Press.

Working in Great Altitudes.

Owing to the absence of malaria the percentage of efficient labor at the greatest elevation is a very high one. Men coming from the coast are not found capable of doing efficient work for about two weeks on an average, when taken to high elevations. The capacity gradually increases and reaches its maximum in a few weeks or months, according to the constitution of the individual.—Nineteenth Century.

The Egyptians and Romans.

The Egyptians and the Romans among ancient nations present characteristic examples of inequality in the development of the different elements of their civilization, and even of the different branches of which each of these elements is composed.—Popular Science Monthly.

We are told by Livy that when Hannibal had vanquished the Romans in the battle of Cannae two women, seeing their sons whom they had supposed dead return in good health, died immediately from excessive joy.

Lenity will operate with greater force in some instances than rigor. It is therefore my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.—Washington.

In public house signs three seems to play an important part, such signs as "Three Bells," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bears," etc., being often used.

A fast penman will write at the rate of thirty words a minute, which means that in an hour's steady writing he has drawn his pen along a space of 800 yards.

The Chinese women, who have coarse hair, though beautiful, use a curious mixture of honey and flour to cleanse and soften it.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENTS OF GIRLS IN TWO CITIES.

The California Young Maiden Is Claimed to Be Nearer Perfect as to Form Than Her Sister in New York—Interesting Comparisons as to Feet.

A sculptor's ideal of beauty is evolved on mathematical principles. A perfect woman is 7 or 7 1/2 or 8 heads tall; her shoulders are two heads wide; her legs are 3 1/2 to 4 heads long; her waist is 3 heads in circumference. But the size of heads varies in women who are equally perfect in shape; the head of the Venus de Medici is nearly one-eighth less in proportion than that of the Venus of Milo or the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles, which was esteemed by the ancients the most perfect statue in existence. The Medici Venus is a slim, slender girl, whose proportions resemble the statues of Psyche. Living reproductions of her are more frequently seen in New York than here.

There fell into The Argonaut's possession a list of measurements of the proportions of a young lady of San Francisco, who is looked upon as being beautiful and having a fine figure in short, a typical California girl. With these we have compared a similar ground plan of a New York girl which we secured at the time Professor Sargent was collecting statistics concerning the young women in eastern seminaries; likewise the measurements of Ballow's well known ideal beauty. They compare as follows:

Calif.	New	Ballow's
for	York	ideal
girl	girl	girl
Height.....	5 ft. 6 1/2 in.	5 ft. 6 in.
Length of head.....	8 1/2 in.	8 1/2 in.
Circumference of bust.....	30 in.	32 in.
Circumference of hips.....	30 in.	32 in.
Circumference of waist.....	24 in.	26 in.
Circumference of neck.....	12 1/2 in.	12 1/2 in.
Width of shoulders.....	17 1/2 in.	16 1/2 in.

The weights of the first and the last are between 130 and 135 pounds, while the New York girl weighs about 126.

Polyclitus, an old Greek sculptor from Licyon, left rules governing the relative proportions of the female frame. He said that twice the thumb was once round the wrist, which it is not, unless the thumb is unusually large and the wrist unusually slender; that twice the wrist is the size of the neck, which is about the case in a well proportioned woman; that twice the neck is once round the waist, which is about so. But he also says that the hand and foot and face should all be of the same length, which is very rarely the case, and that the body should be six times the length of the foot, which would limit most men, whose feet average ten inches in length, to a stature of five feet. The gentleman from Licyon is evidently not a trustworthy guide.

Referring to the above table, it will be observed that the waist of the New Yorker is much smaller than that of the other two. The fashion of small waists is the rage in the east, and the desired result is obtained by tight lacing, which is carried to such an extent that the physiognomist is lost in amazement as to where the lady has bestored her vital organs. No statue in existence exhibits such a disproportion between the waist and those portions of the trunk which lie above and below it. The compression of the girth is a mere fashionable fad which good taste must condemn. Our California girl wears a 24-inch corset, which might easily be reduced to a 23-inch if the wearer saw fit to sacrifice comfort to eastern fashion. There are belles in New York who are not satisfied till they have squeezed themselves into a 17-inch corset. Such persons, it would seem, would have enjoyed the Scottish boot.

The bust and hips should, in a perfectly formed woman, be exactly the same in circumference. They are so in Ballow's ideal, in the Venus of Milo, in the Cnidian Venus and in the California girl. In the New Yorker the circumference of the bust is half an inch greater than that of the hips, which is probably the work of art, not nature.

Ballow does not give the dimensions of his ideal's feet or hands. He merely says that they are "in proportion," which is rather vague. The rule among sculptors is that the foot should measure one head, which is unsatisfactory, as some large women have small heads, and some small women large heads.

The female foot is probably smaller in New York society than here, for the simple reason that it has less to carry. Shoemakers say here that they sell more 4 and 4 1/2 shoes than any others, but many ladies in society buy 3 1/2, 3, and even 2 1/2 shoes. The knights of St. Crispin do not believe in the sculptor's rule about feet. They say that small feet, like large wits, are a gift from heaven, and may be found attached to persons of any dimensions. Everybody has observed that there is no necessary connection between the hands and the figure; that some slim girls have large hands, and some girls with opulent figures small hands and fingers.

Take all the measurements together and the conclusion is forced that the Californian girl more closely resembles the Cnidian Venus than the Venus of Medici, and that a representative Californian statue should be cast after a study of that masterpiece as well as of the Venus of Milo and the Venus Callipyge.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Worthy Novel.

The novel that is worthy of the name, and which is calculated to render a broader service than the pecuniary compensation of its author, is the one which takes the problems of life as they present themselves to us all, and by the example of the characters portrayed teaches us the way to their proper solution; that presents us with types of manly and womanly character that may inspire the reader to emulation of their excellencies, and that is withal a natural, helpful, concrete story of a life of lives. Such a novel is worth all the literary freaks that ever have been or ever will be produced.—Donahoe's Magazine.

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Notes About Alligators.

There is nothing that a gator likes better than fresh pork, and he will toddle three miles from water for a Florida razorback. In cool weather he buries himself in mud and becomes dormant until it grows warm. Hunters still make a living by killing him for his hide and teeth. The killing of alligators from the decks of river steamers in Florida has been stopped by law. Tourists became very careless in their use of firearms, and would endanger the lives of passengers in their haste to get a shot before the boat got by a plump saurian. Yet it is remarkable that only one person, a woman, was ever wounded in these reckless fusillades.—New York Sun.

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A Cure for Snake Bites.

Another treatment for snake bite is added to the long list of remedies that have come from many countries. It is said that the natives of Australia have comparatively little fear of snake bites. They keep always at hand a piece of string made of human hair. The string is tied tightly three or four inches above the bite, a small circle an eighth of an inch deep is cut around the two fang punctures with a knife, and the largest vein below the bite is slit to allow the blood to run out. The last stage of this heroic treatment is the turning on of a stream of water to the affected part and the rubbing down steadily of the limb for about twenty minutes.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Number Three in Daily Life.

In the nursery rhymes and tales of childhood who cannot remember the "Three Wise Men of Gotham" who took a sea voyage in a bowl, not to mention the luckless trio of blind mice whose tails were cut off by the farmer's wife?

Examples of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely, but coming down to everyday life, our meals are regulated by the rule of three, while the sick patient would be guilty of treason to his doctor if he refused to take his medicine three times a day.—New York News.

Success of Electric Plants.

The question, "Is light or darkness

conducive to the growth of an electric plant?" was recently discussed by a debating society in a western college.

Some stated that light was, because

no lamps were lit there would be no

profits, while others said that darkness

was, because if there was no darkness

there would be no need of lights. The debate finally terminated in a draw.—New York News.

MANAGING ENGLISH FARMS.

The Results of an Intelligent and Capable Land Owner in England.

Mr. W. J. Harris gives a most helpful and interesting account of the Halwill manor estate. This was poor land and much of it was untouched for long periods, being treated as a summer run for cattle. The investor, Mr. Harris, was tempted at first to do what at that time was generally done by landlords—consolidate farms, pull down old cottages and in fact generally reduce the available population and labor on the land.

Several farms fell in soon after Mr. Harris' purchase of the estate, but he was "converted" by observing that, where the landlord or the farming tenant had allowed the cottagers to cultivate the land immediately around them, the value of the land had been doubled by the laborer without indeed any guarantee of permanent residence.

Instead of destroying the new landlord built and repaired, and having farms on his hands was enabled to cut off certain fields and allot them to cottagers. Small farms grew up, and the larger ones were reduced. Thus land was let that otherwise would not have been—moorland inns, for instance—and it was on these that the value of the system made itself at once apparent.

Land not valued at more than five shillings per acre in its rough state became, when meadow land, worth from thirty to fifty shillings, and as the cottages were in demand the population increased, and farmers knowing that labor could always be obtained took the large farms, reduced though they were. Wages have risen from ten and eleven shillings to twelve and fourteen shillings per week.

Mr. Harris says he made the mistake of working his vacant farms with bailiffs, thinking as the land was in low condition, he might do it better than a tenant. But, as he says, it is the laborer who knows best and who

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SENSITIVE TEETH.

“Dr. Clock Fills Teeth Without Pain.”

(Testimonial.)

LEXINGTON, Dec. 22, 1892.

DEAR SIR: I would like to state that I am more than pleased with your method for Painless Filling. The drilling caused no pain although my teeth are quite sensitive, and after previous painful experiences your work was very satisfactory to say the least.

Yours truly,

B. E. ANDERSON,

Station Agt., B. & M. R. R.

At Lexington office, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

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Fancy & Dry Goods
From Foreign and Domestic Markets. Just received a line of

FINE HAMBURGS
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Call and examine our stock and
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Of all kinds; also

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Shop adjoining centre depot.

Personal supervision of all orders, and

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20 Aug.

Prices made satisfactory for wholesale buyers

and full market value guaranteed.

18 Dec 1

Alington Locals.

Continued from 1st page.

standing a moment at the flagman's house, on his arrival after dinner, he saw a young man skulking away from the station, and when he was called after the fellow broke into a run, heading for the Spy Pond House grounds. Mr. Bresnahan followed in hot pursuit, but the fellow would most likely have got away had he not broken through the new ice formed where the ice had been harvested near the hotel grounds. Mr. Bresnahan pulled the fellow out of the water and then marched him to the station house, where he was given dry clothing and locked up. He gave his name as Harry L. Hemenway, of Somerville, but when brought into court at Cambridge, on Wednesday, he was identified as Herbert L. Hovey, of Somerville, and was sentenced to the Reformatory at Concord. There is reason to believe that he is one of a gang of young thieves who have operated in this section for some time.

Mr. F. L. Rich and his sister arrived in Arlington with their mother's body on Wednesday, and the funeral services over the remains were held yesterday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. Jones, on Broadway, Rev. L. C. Tomlinson officiating.

Now that the spring months are not far away it may be timely to suggest that Ivan Mabey, the upholsterer, is competent to attend to all kinds of household work required of a decorator and upholsterer. He is a reliable workman in every branch of the business.

The officers of the Young People's Guild, of the Unitarian Parish, are as follows:—President, J. F. Ballard; vice-presidents, Miss M. P. Kirkland, H. S. Raymond; sec., M. L. Sherman; treas., Miss Effie M. Rankin; executive com., the officers just named, together with Miss M. A. Fiske and Herbert Fowle.

The home of Mrs. Henry W. French, on Hancock street, was the meeting place of the Tourist Club, on Monday of this week. The club is steadily progressing in their tour of old England and is now in Norfolk county. This introduces to their notice various literary characters and on Monday afternoon the ladies had for their subject Elizabeth Fry and Thomas Paine.

Yet another of the oldest citizens of the town passed away, Sunday, Jan. 29. Mrs. Susan Stratton died in her ninetieth year, on this date, at her house on Walham street. The deceased was born in Ashby but has resided in Lexington during the last years of her life and is related to several families of the town. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. A. Staples of the Unitarian church, on Tuesday and the remains were taken to her old home for burial.

Work on the new Hancock church has progressed as rapidly as possible considering the severity of the winter. The copper gutters have been put in place but the weather has been such that the slating of the roof has been much delayed. The frames for the large memorial window spaces have been built and put in position, and it is likely within the coming few months a marked advancement will be discovered in the work.

A phonograph concert will be given at a future date, for the benefit of Hancock church. The phonograph is capable of furnishing one of the most unique entertainments ever listened to.

Prof. Holt's Sunday afternoon singing class, held in Bumstead hall, Bromfield St., is said to be making gratifying progress and winning for itself words of commendation.

The school flags were displayed on their poles at half-mast, on Monday, in honor of America's great statesman, James G. Blaine, who was buried from his home in Washington, D. C., on that day.

Tuesday afternoon the literary club in English literature met with Mrs. A. E. Woodsum, and resumed their interrupted study of Scott, caused by the omission of the meeting on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Davol is holding a pleasant and successful series of dancing lessons this winter, including in the class the young people of the town. The class meets on Monday afternoons in the hall of the Russell House.

There will be a business meeting of the Baptist Society, next Friday evening, February 3d, after the covenant meeting, at 8.30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired as matters of importance will come up for transaction.

Miss E. E. Harrington presided at the meeting of the Young People's Guild held in the vestry of the First Parish church, Sunday evening last. The subject of the service was "Repentance of Sin."

Papers were read by the ladies of the Monday Club, on the "Characteristics of Persian Art," at the meeting, on Monday afternoon. This week the ladies met with Mrs. Francis Ballard, on Hancock street.

Rev. Irving Meredith lectures in Hancock church, Sunday evening next, at the usual hour. It will be the third of the addresses on "How we got the Bible." All interested are invited to be present.

F. C. Jones has got his large and handsome store almost to rights and the public are invited to inspect the radical improvement effected in the same. Mr. Jones is agent for the MINUTE-MAN and will be glad to receive for us new subscriptions and renew old ones.

In tearing away a portion of the old Robinson place at the head of Monument street, an old burial slab was discovered. It is said to be a genuine antique but we leave it to the Historical Society to authenticate and catalogue, and will await their verdict.

The evening service at Hancock church, on Sunday, was addressed by Rev. R. A. Beard, D. D., president of Fargo College. Mr. Beard spoke in regard to the importance of a college education for educational workers in the west. He spoke of this section of the country as the one to take precedence of all others in the future and consequently the best effort and material would be in demand.

A grand coffee party, which took the form of a dance and supper, was held in Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, and was largely attended by the young people of St. Bridget's church, not to speak of the delegations of visitors present from the adjoining towns and cities. The party was given under the auspices of and for the benefit of St. Bridget's Catholic church and was as usual a great financial success, the committee of arrangements having spared no effort to make it a success.

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H. B. HITCHCOCK,
Springfield, Mass.

The following wonderful testimonial from Mr. H. B. Hitchcock, who was shipping clerk for the Powers Paper Co. for 18 yrs., and who now resides in Boston, Mass., proves that DANAS is "THE KING THAT CURES."

DANAS SARASAPARILLA CO.:

GENTLEMEN.—I am now 41 years old, and some

15 years ago I began to fall in—all gone, tired feeling would pervade my whole being,

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Sarasaparilla, but received no benefit. I had terrible

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that it would retain only the lightest food—had severe constipation.

It was hard work to get up in the morning, and

were prostrated to such a degree that I

could not bear to be alone in a room—it seemed

as though I should fly and if I left that I would

either die or fall. This was my condition last

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MR. EDITOR:—I wish through the columns of your valuable paper to call attention to the miserable appearance and condition, generally speaking, of the sidewalks in the centre of the town, and ask, since the town has by vote accepted "The betterment law" which, as I understand, gives it the power to make re-

pairs and possibly concrete sidewalks

where needed, and assess the abutters

one-half the cost, why so little has been

done. For an old historic town, where

the inhabitants are so patriotic and take

so much pride in its appearance and

growth and where so many strangers

come sight-seeing, such neglect of the

sidewalks seems unpardonable. The

Town spends money without stint to

make the roads good and passable in all

weathers for those who ride in carriages,

but it seems to be heedless of the convenience

and comfort of the great body of

the people who are foot passengers from

choice or necessity, who must needs plod

their way over muddy and uneven side

walks, and in wet weather pick their way

from one spot to another, valiantly essaying

to keep their feet dry and skirts

clean. Leaving out the question of comfort or convenience, there is perhaps

nothing which will so improve the appearance of this village or do more to attract and bring in new residents, than good sidewalks well kept. I call attention to the centre village for the east is far ahead of it in the matter of sidewalks

and has set an example the centre may well follow. I hope some of the many citizens of the town who feel sufficient

interest in this matter will give us the benefit of their suggestions, and that some action towards making a radical

improvement in the sidewalks may be taken at the annual town meeting in March.

E. A. SHAW.

—The Women's Branch Alliance will

hold a meeting in the parlor of the First

Parish church, on Tuesday, Feb. 7, at

half-past two. The subject for consideration will be "Wrestling and blessing."

All ladies interested are cordially invited to attend.

—The party of young people from

Roxbury and Boylston station who visited

Mr. Arthur Jewett on the evening of

Jan.